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CITY

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1877.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

ST. CLEMENT'S WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have been requested at a large public meeting of ratepayers to allow myself to be nominated as a Candidate for your suffrages at the ensuing Municipal Election.

I take this important and responsible step willingly at the earnest request of those who urge that three years ago the votes were almost equally balanced between myself and my opponent, and that they have a right again to test the feeling of the Ward.

Questions of great importance will shortly engage the attention of your representatives, in which your interests are largely involved.

The future supply of pure water—in volume adequate to the requirements of a growing city—must be dealt with. I approve the scheme which has been projected by the Waterworks Committee for obtaining this prime necessary of life from the Lake District, and I should be prepared to oppose those who place the selfish enjoyment of a comparatively few tourists against the advantage and health of many thousands. In this matter the public weal is the highest law.

A scheme of MAIN DRAINAGE has been recently propounded, which will be of immense value to the crowded inhabitants of our city, and especially of our Ward.

It provides for the prevention of disastrous floods, by reserving the superfluous waters in the upper reaches of the Medlock; it provides also for the interception of those polluting sewers which convert our rivers into moving cesspools; and it admits of the co-operation of surrounding suburbs, whose sewage difficulties are insurmountable within their own areas.

If carried out, this scheme must have an immediate and perceptible influence upon the health and mortality, as well as the mere comfort of the district.

I should like to see Elections, both Municipal and Parliamentary, simplified by the division of wards into polling districts, and the register made to correspond with the street list form of the rate book—by such means the cost of elections might be reduced, and the labour of the overseers greatly lessened.

In the short space of an address it is impossible to deal with various matters upon which one's opinion might be desired. Baths, Wash-houses, Tramways, Improved Dwellings for the Poor—upon all these points I shall be prepared to express my opinion during my canvass.

If returned, I shall endeavour to do my duty fairly and impartially, without regard to sect or party.—Yours faithfully,

JAS. W. SOUTHERN.

Store Street Saw Mills, October 5th, 1877.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION, 1877.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

OXFORD WARD.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Having had presented to me a Requisition, signed by many large and influential Ratepayers of the Oxford Ward, I have consented, after much consideration, to offer for your acceptance my services as your Representative in the Council of this important and increasing City.

In seeking at your hands the honour of election, I can assure you that my aim is to assist in securing for my native City the best possible Local Government, free from all the passions and prejudices of any political party.

If I am elected, I shall be pleased to give all necessary time and careful consideration to general questions, and also to the particular matters that may affect the special interests of the Oxford Ward Electors, so as to secure for all an effectual, intelligent, and economical administration of Municipal affairs.

There are many subjects pressing upon us, and specially now bearing upon Commercial, Social, and Monetary questions, in all these I have a community of interest with yourselves, and my responsibilities are large enough to constitute a good guarantee, that faithfulness, industry, and earnestness will be the characteristics of my services.—I have the honour to be, Ladies and Gentlemen, your very obedient servant,

GEORGE WATTS.

Portland Street, October 8th, 1877.

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HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER,
THE COUNTESS OF WILTON,
THE COUNTESS OF ELLESMERE,
Lady BAGOT, Lady DENMAN, Lady ELEANOR C. CLIFTON,
And other ladies of rank and influence have kindly consented to preside at Stalls.

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WOOD, 15, Shudehill, Manchester. Papers containing every information may be obtained from the hon. secs. as above.

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FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,

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Tuesday, October 30 and November 6.—Two Lectures by Professor J. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.S. Subject, "The Origin of Life."

Tuesday, November 13 and 20.—Two Lectures by Professor THORPE, F.R.S., of Leeds. Subject, "Flame," illustrated with experiments.

Tuesday, November 27 and December 4.—Two Lectures by Professor THOMAS H. COBE, of Owens College. Subject, "Modern Discoveries about Sound," illustrated with experiments.

Tuesday, December 11 and 18.—Two Lectures by Dr. JOHN MURRAY, of Edinburgh University and the "Challenger." Subject, "The Scientific Results of the 'Challenger' Expedition."

Professor Roscoe will be glad if Subscribers will forward their subscriptions to the undersigned as soon as convenient.

57, King Street, Manchester, 1st October, 1877.

JOSEPH LUNT.

THE "EMPIRE" MOTEL,

ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find the above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard-room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms *en suite*. Twelve fireproof and other stockrooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality. All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1-20—soup, joint, pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

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EXCELS ALL OTHERS.

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RAPID WATER FILTERS,

Combining all the latest improvements.

IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD PRINCIPLE.

In these Filters there is a bush hole at the back which enables the user to draw off the water and cleanse the bottom of the Filter thoroughly when required, which it is necessary to do occasionally.

Patent Charcoal Block Pocket Filters from 1s. 6d. each.

Improved Self-Acting Cistern Filters. Main Service Filters from £2. 2s. each.

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Iron and Terra Cotta Garden and Table Vases, Fountains, Fountain Jets, Fancy Fern Stands; Rustic Terra Cotta Ware; all kinds of Horticultural Goods, Flower Boxes for Windows and Balconies, Fancy Tiles, Rockwork for Ferneries and Grottoes, Aquarium and Propagating Glasses, Fern Shades, Fish Globes, Water Bottles, Ferns, Aquatic Plants, Fish, Beetles, &c., in great variety; Fish for Storing; Live Bait always on hand.

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Large assortment on hand, packed and forwarded to all addresses. Tea, Coffee, and Luncheon Rooms. Wines, Ale, Porter, Chops, Steaks, and Sandwiches. WEDDING BREAKFASTS AND SUPPERS supplied.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 100.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

OUR OWN BOOK OF MARTYRS.

OUR sympathies being with anyone who is in trouble, we need not say that we sympathise with the *Courier* under its present sore affliction. A deep and dark conspiracy has been entered into in order to disturb the equanimity of that journal. The Dean—wicked plotting man that he is!—actually appointed the Rev. W. J. Knox-Little to occupy the pulpit of the Cathedral at the special service for the working classes last week. That was enough. The *Courier* became sorely troubled at once; and has been curiously, if not also grievously, exercised ever since. Knox-Little, it was well known, is a Ritualist: he likewise belongs, or is supposed to belong, to the Holy Cross Fraternity. Yet, in the face of these facts, Dean Cowie was sufficiently daring to allow the Rector of St. Alban's once more to disgrace and degrade our Cathedral pulpit. Horror of horrors! The *Courier* and its numerous correspondents waxed indignant. The Church was again toppling over; the Throne once more was shaking to its very foundations. In the midst of all the hubbub the Dean sent a quiet little note to our excited contemporary saying that things were not half so bad as they seemed to be, for the Archbishop of Canterbury had also done honour to Knox-Little by appointing him one of the preachers in connection with the Church Congress, now in annual session at Croydon. Ergo, Knox-Little couldn't be half such a dangerous customer as the *Courier* had imagined. Of course, the *Courier* failed to see this. Instead of Dean Cowie's communication allaying our contemporary's anxiety, it had quite an opposite effect. Leaders were immediately written and letters inserted by the dozen calling the attention of the British Empire to the alarming facts that a Ritualistic clergyman was being allowed to preach and to teach from the very house-tops of our glorious State Church—not only in our Manchester Cathedral, but also in connection with our yearly Church Congress. Need we add that the British Empire was in a conflagration within the next six hours?

Clergymen, laymen, and everybody else instantly wrote to His Grace of Canterbury, asking him if he knew what he was doing. Knox-Little! Did His Grace know the man? Why, the Penge convicts were saints as compared with this young Rector of St. Alban's. As was to be expected, one of Archbishop Tait's correspondents was none other than Mr. George Knott, of 179, Great Ducie Street, Strangeways. We ourselves don't know Mr. Knott—that is at once our misfortune and our fault—but everybody else does. "We maintain," shrieked Mr. George Knott, "that your lordship would not, and could not, so far ignore, your previous well-known Protestant principles, feelings, and opinions by making an appointment such as this. For be it known to your lordship, this reverend gentleman, W. J. Knox-Little, is the leading and most extreme Ritualist we have in this Northern diocese. He adopts and practices (spelling is not Mr. Knott's forte) auricular confession in his Church, propagates and disseminates the doctrines of 'The Priest in Absolution' from his pulpit, and defends and sympathises with the lawless actions of the 'Holy Cross Society'—a society, be it remembered, which the archbishops, bishops, Protestant clergy, and laity of the Church of England have most righteously condemned, and as your lordship denounced and expressed it from the episcopal bench in the House of Lords to be a dire and deep conspiracy within the Church against the Protestant principles of the glorious Reformation, upon which our Christian hope and faith is founded and maintained." This is really very affecting, as well as extremely solemn. But Mr. Knott had something still more touching to say, and, true artist as he is, he stuck it into his postscript. "Our trust and confidence," so ran his P.S., "is (Lindley Murray again!) alone reposed in the sound Protestantism of our archbishops, and if they fail us, may God protect and support the hopeless, the helpless, and the fatherless in our Protestant Church." We collapse! Why? Because we are out of breath. Because our heart is

deeply stirred within us. Mr. George Knott is a powerful writer, albeit grammar and he are not on speaking terms. The Archbishop did condescend to reply through one of his chaplains. "The list of preachers," we read—the letter bearing date the 5th instant—"at the time of the Church Congress, was submitted to His Grace many months ago, and the invitations issued accordingly last June. His Grace neither had then, nor has now, any reason to believe that Mr. Knox-Little either was or is a member of the society to which you refer. Neither is His Grace cognisant of anything which would have justified him—when the list of names was submitted—in refusing to allow Mr. Knox-Little to preach in the Parish Church of Croydon, on the Sunday after the Congress."

The plot thickened; at least the *Courier* thought so, that is, said so. Archbishop Tait was clearly not one of the conspirators. But Dean Cowie—what of him? Thereupon the Rev. Thomas Daniels, rector of St. Paul's, Hulme, rushes on the scene. He, too, had been in communication with the Archbishop on the subject. Mr. Daniels—clever to the last—had sent His Grace a copy of Mr. Knox-Little's recent terrible sermon on "The Priest in Absolution." His Grace makes answer that he has forwarded Mr. Daniels' letter to Mr. Knox-Little requesting some explanation of the charges made against him. Bravo, Daniels! These Daniels will come to judgment. Meanwhile, pity poor Knox-Little! We do pity him; yet the Pothouse-Protestants are as sure to make a martyr of Knox-Little as Macmahon is certain to make a martyr of Gambetta. And then Knox-Little will join the Dissenters, and discover that he has descended at last to decent society.

A WAIL.

"WHAT?" "Jamie Lea is dead!"—
I lowly bow my head;
With grief I'm o'erwhelm'd quite
Now Jamie's passed from night.
"I liked his beer?"—"No doubt;
Likewise his splendid stout,
But Jamie's self—oh, dear!—
Was more than stout or beer."

WHAT'S THE NEWS? WHAT'S THE NEWS?

"WHAT'S the news?" you ask. Why, the only news is that there is nothing new under the sun. Osman Pasha still holds Plevna; the threatened great battle, which has been impending every day for the last four weeks, has not come off; the Czar of Russia has not yet got many miles south of the Danube; the Sultan of Turkey has neither been executed nor superseded; and—Sir Joseph Heron is still Town Clerk of Manchester. But, if nothing has happened in the past, something, we are assured, is going to happen in the future. If there has been no news hitherto, we are to have a phethora of news hereafter. Our authority for this statement is no other than the Rev. E. A. Verity, of Burnley; and we need not add that Mr. Verity has special means of knowing what is to take place in the years to come. He tells us that Jehovah will stir up wars in Europe; Poland and Hungary will rebel; Germany and Russia will try to suppress revolution in Poland, which will be assisted by Hungary; France will attack Germany; Germany will be assisted by Italy, but will be invaded by Austria and Spain. The Pope, Pius IX., will depart this life, and five candidates will contend for the tiara, but the French one will prevail, and Rome will be destroyed by fire. Israel spiritual, or Great Britain, and Israel national, Turkey, will be united, and the world once more will be at rest. Our children, according to Verity, will verily have lively times of it.

MACINTOSHES.—For the Wet Season Purchase one of COULTER'S WATERPROOF COATS made to measure on the premises. Large Assortment of Ladies' CAPES, RUGS, &c. 11, OXFORD STREET (OPPOSITE PRINCE'S THEATRE).

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED EPIC POEM.

He ran,
And lightly leapt upon the gliding car,
That down from Kersal's crest at ten a.m.
Did bear rich traders to Mancunium,
And thence, ere set of sun, returning slow
Did set them down again at their own doors,
Where haply wife, or child, or serving-maid,
Upon the threshold met them with a look
Of curious question what the paper bag,
That by a deftly twisted loop of string
Upon the middle finger of right hand did hang,
Might chance contain—the trivial shrimp or crab,
Or costly berries from a sunny clime,
Or tins of *Salmo ferox* subtly sealed
By cunning craftsmen on Columbian coast,
Which, borne across the salt and sickly sea
Unchanged, and, eaten with a silver fork,
Did frequent duty for the native fish.

He climbed the stair that—fenced with rail of brass
To help the weary or inebriate—
Did lead him to the tramcar's topmost seat,
Whence, on the right he saw the peaceful vale
Of Irwell slumb'ring in carbonic haze.
He saw the Parks of Albert and of Peel;
The Ford of Sal, the Halls of Pendleton;
And, ere the classic name of Robinson,
Preceded by the Christian one of Jack,
Could pass his lips, upon his left uprose
The Gothic Temple of Assize, where high
Above the granite pillar'd porch there sat
The portly prophet, poring o'er his page,
Unheeded of the gentle youths below,
Who cried in voices sweet the several prints—
The doubtful *Daw* that dauntless dared the De'il
And all his angels in the cause of truth.
Behind, the heights of Cheetham proudly stood,
The Chapels of St. Alban and St. Luke
Their summits crowned; and on their southern slope,
Beloved of those who wore the hooked nose
And cried "Old Clo," and held the Hebrew faith,
The Synagogue displayed its portals wide.
And so along the bright and od'rous ways,
Which those, the most familiar, counted Strange,
Unto the point where Irk and Irwell met
To blend their silver streams at Ducie Bridge,
And flow as one toward the western main.
And here upon an eminence, behold!
The Station of Victoria, where they
Who need the fleetest feet which science yields
To those who pay, may hire the iron steeds
That feed on fire, and breathe high pressure steam,
And ride away to Cumberland's fair lakes,
Or Scotia's lochs, or Cambria's mountain peaks.
Still onward strained the car, whose jingling bells
Re-echoed through the dim Cathedral aisles,
And marr'd the chaunt of clergy and of choir,
Until it halted at Dean's gate; and, lo!
The Royal Exchange—where men do congregate,
And tell each other { lies } the live-long day—
Upreared its mighty front and lofty tower.

Th' important Simpson—Edwin of that ilk—
And Daniel, the devoted, sat within,
And eyed the motly crowd to see that none
Devoid of season ticket entered there.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

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Charge for the nuns!" I said;
Into the confessional
Rode our three asses.

Dogma to right of us,
Dogma to left of us,
Dogma in front of us
Held all the passes;
Storm'd at by fiends from Hell,
Boldly we rode and well,
Into the confessional
Rode our three asses.

Plunged in the sickening smoke,
Right through the line we broke;
Priestly cowl and petticoat
Turned shreds before each stroke,
Turned into ghastly masses.
Then we rode back; but not—
Not our three asses!

I might go on like any Laureate;
But, as I'd not the reader nauseate
With Tennysonian twaddle, tame, not terse,
I'll cut it short with this original verse:—

Dogma to right of us,
Dogma to left of us,
Dogma behind us
Storm'd down the passes;
Storm'd at by fiends from Hell,
While ass and hero fell,
We that had fought so well
Came from the confessional,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of us—
Left of three asses!

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THE Conservative Association of Manchester believes in posters. What beauties they have had on our walls this week as to the great demonstration in the Free Trade Hall last night! To make one extract, the following gentlemen were advertised as the speakers:—

Hugh Birley, Esq., M.P.	Richard Haworth, Esq., J.P.
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Colonel O. O. Walker, M.P.	P. Royle, Esq., M.D., J.P.
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Quite in keeping with all this was the intimation that our excellent friend, J. W. Maclure, Esq., D.L., J.P., was to preside. The reader will notice, then, that the list was not an ordinary one with respect either to the number or the eminence of the speakers. Every person had a tail of some sort to his name with the solitary exception of W. H. Houldsworth, who was made to do duty with a bare, bald "Esq." Here, of course, lay the whole fun of the thing. Mr. Maltby, with true prophetic eye, saw that Mr. Houldsworth would be in a position to figure as M.P. some day, and, like all competent secretaries, Mr. Maltby can bide his time and wait his chance. Last night, the new Conservative candidate was only plain Mr. Houldsworth. Now, however, that he has come into the clutches of Mr. Maltby, he will soon figure in the eyes of an admiring people as W. H. Houldsworth, Esq., M.P. We shall see!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Moerschams, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. }

WITHEGOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

FRAGMENT OF AN UNPUBLISHED EPIC POEM.

He ran,
And lightly leapt upon the gliding car,
That down from Kersal's crest at ten a.m.
Did bear rich traders to Mancunium,
And thence, ere set of sun, returning slow
Did set them down again at their own doors,
Where haply wife, or child, or serving-maid,
Upon the threshold met them with a look
Of curious question what the paper bag,
That by a deftly twisted loop of string
Upon the middle finger of right hand did hang,
Might chance contain—the trivial shrimp or crab,
Or costly berries from a sunny clime,
Or tins of *Salmo ferox* subtly sealed
By cunning craftsmen on Columbian coast,
Which, borne across the salt and sickly sea
Unchanged, and, eaten with a silver fork,
Did frequent duty for the native fish.

He climbed the stair that—fenced with rail of brass
To help the weary or inebriate—
Did lead him to the tramcar's topmost seat,
Whence, on the right he saw the peaceful vale
Of Irwell slumb'ring in carbonic haze.
He saw the Parks of Albert and of Peel;
The Ford of Sal, the Halls of Pendleton;
And, ere the classic name of Robinson,
Preceded by the Christian one of Jack,
Could pass his lips, upon his left uprose
The Gothic Temple of Assize, where high
Above the granite pillar'd porch there sat
The portly prophet, poring o'er his page,
Unheeding of the gentle youths below,
Who cried in voices sweet the several prints—
The doubtful *Daw* that dauntless dared the De'il
And all his angels in the cause of truth.
Behind, the heights of Cheetham proudly stood,
The Chapels of St. Alban and St. Luke
Their summits crowned; and on their southern slope,
Beloved of those who wore the hooked nose
And cried "Old Clo," and held the Hebrew faith,
The Synagogue displayed its portals wide.
And so along the bright and od'rous ways,
Which those, the most familiar, counted Strange,
Unto the point where Irk and Irwell met
To blend their silver streams at Ducie Bridge,
And flow as one toward the western main.
And here upon an eminence, behold!
The Station of Victoria, where they
Who need the fleetest feet which science yields
To those who pay, may hire the iron steeds
That feed on fire, and breathe high pressure steam,
And ride away to Cumberland's fair lakes,
Or Scotia's lochs, or Cambria's mountain peaks.
Still onward strained the car, whose jingling bells
Re-echoed through the dim Cathedral aisles,
And marr'd the chaunt of clergy and of choir,
Until it halted at Dean's gate; and, lo!
The Royal Exchange—where men do congregate,
And tell each other { lies } the live-long day—
Upreared its mighty front and lofty tower.

Th' important Simpson—Edwin of that ilk—
And Daniel, the devoted, sat within,
And eyed the motly crowd to see that none
Devoid of season ticket entered there.

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The *City Jackdaw* of FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19th, will contain a Lithographic Portrait of J. W. MACLURE, Esq., D.L., J.P., &c.

Arrangements have been made for Original SKETCHES OF MANCHESTER LIFE, from the Pen of LEONARD BRIGHT, to appear in the *City Jackdaw*. Next week's Sketch will be entitled "HEAVY HEARTS." The first sketch, "Broken Down," was published in the *Jackdaw* of last week; and copies may still be obtained.

AMUSEMENTS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter Street, Manchester. TO-NIGHT, Mr. Fred Wainford; Brothers Purcell; Miss Jenny Renforth; Mr. J. H. Rowan; Miss Bertha Athey; Brothers Poole; Mr. Will Hicks; Mr. Chris. Benson; Mr. Joe Brown, and other Artists. Prices 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

THE MANCHESTER GLACIARIUM, RUSHOLME.

REAL ICE SKATING DAILY.

Open from 3 to 5, and 7-30 to 9-30 p.m.

BAND on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY EVENINGS.

Admission, 2s.; Wednesday, 1s.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Pothouse-Protestants of Manchester are trying to bound Knox-Little to death.

That, instead of that, they will make him stronger and more popular than ever.

That the Bishop spoke the other day of the Church as a menagerie, full of wild beasts that required to be kept in order by the State.

That the keepers don't know whether they stand on their heads or heels.

That some nice scenes are being enacted within the pale of the Church just now, and they are likely to grow more numerous as the keepers grow more helpless.

That Dr. Royle honoured Middleton with a visit on Saturday last.

That the shade of old Sam Bamford would not believe it was Royle.

That the Executive of the Conservative Association have summoned him to appear before them, and explain why and wherefore he associated with Radicals on the occasion.

That The Great Maclure's family motto is *Paratus sum*.

That the country visitors to the Town Hall bow respectfully to Mr. Ward, the hall-keeper, under the impression that a gentleman of his appearance and manners can be no less than the Mayor.

That Ward himself thinks he would make a very good Mayor—if the Council would only give him a chance.

That Maclure's portrait is to appear in the *Jackdaw* next week.

That he says we cannot do justice to the original, however good our intentions, and however much we try.

That our Artist stakes his reputation on doing Maclure well—who wouldn't?—who couldn't?

That Lesser's English has very much improved since our article on him.

That now, instead of "Von schmall cup, Lizzy," he confines himself to "Von cup."

That he has begun to teach English to several of his customers.

"THAT CHATTERING BISHOP."

THE *Church Times* has been speaking of James of Manchester as "That Chattering Bishop." His Lordship does not lose his temper on that account, but merely says, in reply, that he is very sorry to have to chatter so much, but the necessities of his position compel him. Many chatter quite as much as Bishop Fraser. The world cares little about them, however, and therefore their chattering does not always reach the public ear. During the last few days our Bishop has been more than usually busy, and, if possible, more than usually comprehensive and instructive. Like a sensible man—given to discovering and exposing, in the hope of removing, faults nearest home—he has been reading Churchmen one or two rather severe lectures. In laying the foundation-stone of a new Church at Eccles, his Lordship told his hearers—although he thought the picture was overdrawn—it was sometimes said that the Church of England was a sort of menagerie of incongruous and very quarrelsome animals, whom nothing but the strong hand of the State, like that of the keeper in a menagerie, kept in anything like order. But he went further than this at Oldham. Preaching in the Parish Church, he said it was all very well when a bishop or popular preacher came among them to see the Church filled, but he knew, and had heard of it for years, that a more depressing spectacle than that Church exhibited on an ordinary Sunday evening it was impossible to see. People who owned seats lived at a distance, and did not come a second time, so that there were huge gaps to be seen in the evening. One would think that this might have sufficed for one week. But no. Bishop Fraser sees so much that he does not like in connection with the Church that he could speak on the subject till Doomsday. Inducting the new incumbent of Bradshaw, his Lordship observed that one of the reasons why he, as well as many others, objected to the sale of ecclesiastical patronage was, because the patron for a sum of money sometimes disposed of his right in that interest, and it fell, perhaps, into the hands of a man whose only motive might be that he wished to make a gentleman of one of his sons, and thus put him into the living, let the cost to the parishioners be whatever it might. Not only so; we all know, in addition, that many Church livings are bought by ladies, who chance to be a drug in the matrimonial market, in order that, throwing in the livings with their own dear selves, starving curates may have the lot at a bargain. As to pew rents and the sale of livings we are at one with the Bishop, but—though there are few men with whom we more seldom disagree—he and we part company as soon as he touches the general question of patronage. Still clinging to the delusion that one solitary patron, often living at a distance, knows the wants and wishes of a congregation better than the congregation knows them itself, he cites one instance in support of his position. In the place where his own mother was born, he tells us, every parishioner had a vote for the ministry, and when the time came round—and he had known three elections—the result was that it had the disgraceful features of a political election. The public-houses were thrown open, the candidates made speeches, votes were canvassed for, beer was given away, and bribery was practised to a very great extent, and on all occasions the clergymen were ruined by their success. As occasionally happens, the Bishop has since explained that in this he was not correctly reported, the facts being that the election to which he referred took place forty-one years ago, and it was not till many years later that ruin came on the clergyman concerned. We need not say that we believe every statement that his Lordship makes as to this particular case. But Nonconformists manage such things much better. They choose their ministers without the aid of beer. Clergymen and Churchmen, it seems, cannot exercise the rights of free men without getting tipsy. The Bishop may want us to go no further; but we are compelled to ask—is it possible that the connection between Church and State is as hurtful to Churchmen as it is unfair to Dissenters?

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SAM BAMFORD.

ANOTHER land mark on the shore of Time,
To show that still another tract is won,
And the dark sea of misery and crime
That breathes pestiferous menace at the sun
Has had to loosen its relentless hold
O'er one more portion of its empire vast,
So that men now may delve and seek for gold,
And seed on this rich harvest ground be cast.

Thy memory needs no monumental stone,
Thy services and name may stand alone,
They need no granite pillar for support,
But have for base a nation's good report.
Yet perhaps 'tis well to see before our eyes
This noble emblem of thy virtues rise;
Like thee it stands upon th' exposed hill
And dares the elements to work their will,
Like thee it stands to meet the lightning's glance,
And breathes to us that stirring word "Advance!"

What stern traditions shall this stone relate
To future generations, who shall wait
To read thine epitaph, and ponder o'er
The memories of the days that are no more.
This monument will tell them of a time
When even to plead for mercy was a crime;
When greed and arrogance were coalesced
To further rob a nation long oppressed;
When children starved, that landlords might be rich,
And homeless men lay dying in the ditch;
When famine spectres stalked the silent street,
And Midas cared Protection's golden seat,
More fatal than the Hindoo idol's car
Ground millions down to powder. When the star
Of revolution rose, and, lurid, gleamed
Through the black night, and carrion vultures screamed
For joy at coming feasts. When monstrous woe
Threatened the wretched land to overthrow;
When thousands saw escape from famine's doom
Only within the fortress of the tomb;
When men who dared to speak the truth were thrown,
Like thee, in felon's cells, to muse alone,
And thence emerged, redoubtable and strong,
Made desperate by tyranny and wrong;
When multitudes unarmed, who came to give
Their misery voice and claim the right to live,
Were beaten down by drunken hireling's steel—
The Tory answer to the cry "Repeal."

When shall thy memory fade, O, Peterloo!
From our indignant and avenging view?
Not till the struggle which suggests thy name
Has also lost identity and fame.
Thou wert the chiefest of these contests dire,
Least bloody, but most noble, and the fire
Thou lighted up shall unextinguished burn
Until to slavery Englishmen return.
Waterloo changed the destiny of kings,
But Peterloo of nations. And there rings
A voice through all eternity, which claims
Their birthright for the people, and proclaims
Vengeance on all oppressors.

Thou, Bamford, wert not least amongst the band
That raised the standard of sublime revolt
Against that ancient tyranny. Thy hand
Gave strong assistance to that great assault;
And though thy words were few, thy deeds will speak
Above the din of this distracted age,
Warning the guilty, urging on the weak,
Denouncing despots with a noble rage.

And so farewell; thy monument shall be
To the young England of the days unborn
One of its sacred places, where the free
May pray for those whose fetters thou hast worn,
And for their freedom thank their God and thee.

THE SALFORD MAYORALTY.

MR. COUNCILLOR MIDDLEHURST is already qualifying for the Mayoralty of Salford, and he has informed his friends that he has removed to "The Poplars," Bolton Road, so as to be the better able to entertain the Town Councillors hospitably. Another object he says he has in removing to a more aristocratic region than Broughton is to be near the Birleys, and people of that stamp, because, as he *naively* remarks, when "one rises in the social scale one must mix with the people who are to be found there." He is to dine with Mr. Thomas Hornby Birley next week, and he says that there are several most aristocratic Colonels in his new neighbourhood. Mr. Councillor Middlehurst would not of himself have entertained the idea of so soon seizing the municipal chair, but it has, in a manner, been forced upon him. When the Town Council returns from its heavy yearly work of inspecting the water works they take tea together in the Tea Room at Belle Vue, and it is the custom on such occasions to propose the health of the next mayor. Accordingly Mr. Councillor Farmer proposed, and Mr. Councillor R. C. Brooks, of Crescent Ward, seconded the nomination. Mr. Farmer made a most eulogistic speech, in the course of which he stated that Mr. Councillor Middlehurst had (though only one year or so in the Council) won the esteem and love of all the councillors. His unassuming modesty, his graceful carriage, his refined language, his readiness to second any motion, whether he understood it or not, the good-nature with which he allowed everybody to laugh at him, and the equanimity with which he received a snubbing that would make other people blush—all these things had endeared him to the hearts and minds of his fellow-members. Mr. Councillor Farmer regretted to hear that Mr. Councillor Middlehurst had been proposed for the Conservative Club in Cross Street, Manchester, and that his proposer, Mr. Croston, had been compelled to withdraw his name. But he, Mr. Farmer, was sure that the withdrawal of Mr. Councillor Middlehurst's name was entirely owing to the jealousy Manchester always exhibited towards Salford. Mr. Councillor Middlehurst, in reply, thanked the Council for their unanimous vote, and said that it would be the earnest desire of his life to deserve their gratitude. He had not expected so soon to be picked out as the future Mayor, but he was ready to serve his country and his town. (Loud cheers.) It was true that he and Dr. Royle were already singled out as candidates for the representation of Salford in Parliament, but still he was prepared to sacrifice Parliament to the Town Council. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Councillor Middlehurst said that this was the proudest moment of his life, and when the place was vacant the man was ready. (Loud cheers.) Shortly afterwards the Town Council separated, pleased with themselves, and proud of Councillor Middlehurst.

HELP FOR THE HELPLESS.

IT would be ungenerous to criticise the performance given by the De Trafford Club on Wednesday night in the Free Trade Hall, in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund. Criticism is always disarmed by an amateur dramatic performance; and it is doubly disarmed by a charitable entertainment of this kind. Still it is only fair that praise should be awarded when it is due, and there were some really creditable displays during the evening. The two best points of the performance were the scream which Miss Aldwinkle screamed when she saw the fancied ghost, and the firing of the pistol by the Spectre himself. The prompter, too, distinguished himself greatly. He spoke loudly, clearly, and distinctly, and made himself audible all over the house—a remark which does not apply to many of the actors. The gentleman in charge of the drop scene also was fully equal to his trying duties, although he is one of the hardest-worked members of the company. He was, in fact, constantly at work. During the one-act farce he dropped the curtain so many times that we lost count. The audience was a large and most generous one, and the result of the performance will probably be the addition of a good contribution to the Lancashire subscription.

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MY NEW APARTMENTS.

[BY HEADS-YOU-WIN—TAILS-YOU-LOSE.]

AS my old landlady insisted upon putting out the gas at half-past ten, I gave her warning that I would vacate in a week. She was sorry, but I was resolute, and told her that in seven days I would be located elsewhere.

On a lovely Wednesday evening I started in quest of another and more indulgent "home." Turning into a quiet street on my left I saw a card in the window of what appeared to be a desirable house.

A decided rap at the door brought a middle-aged lady, rather good-looking, and on the doubtful side of forty.

"What do you require?" asked the lady, after we had reached the sitting-room.

"A small sitting-room and a bedroom," was my rejoinder.

"Perhaps the drawing-room floor would be too much for you? My terms are a guinea!"

I told her that my secured finances would not run so far, and that I could not safely go beyond ten or twelve bob.

"Oh, then," she continued, sanguinely, "I think my own little room would suit you. This I could let you have, with my daughter's bedroom, for ten; Clara can sleep in my room."

I followed the lady upstairs, and, having curiously examined my future place of repose and the back room, I closed for ten bob, payable weekly.

"When," I inquired, "do you turn the gas off?"

"Oh, sir, there's no fixed time for that, as I always leave it to Mr. Bloomer, who is our last man. Mr. Purple is invariably in before Fred. You will find them both very nice gentlemen."

There was only one other question, and I did not hesitate to put it.

"I may, I presume, take it for granted that your lodgers are not molested during the night?"

"Molested, sir! You can lock your own door!"

The good lady didn't catch my meaning, and it was not till I hinted very plainly that I was opposed to anything like the "Colorado" being found in my bed that her eyes were opened.

"I hope, sir, you consider yourself in a respectable house," was her explanation.

Having assured the lady that I was fairly satisfied on that point I left, and promised to return for good on Saturday evening.

My old landlady almost wept at our parting.

"What number?" saucily demanded cabby.

"Twenty-five," I said; and soon found myself set down at the door of my new apartments.

"Know much about this 'ere crib?" asked cabby, as he carried in my trunk. "You'll find it rather lively, I guess."

I did not care much to have my new apartments spoken of as "this 'ere crib," nor did I like the smudging way in which the driver addressed me.

A feeling of dread came over me. I was sorry that I did not answer cabby's question, and then ask him what he knew of the house. It was now too late.

"Tea is ready, sir," said a really handsome young lady, whom I took to be Clara; but as I had not exactly ordered tea I thought it was a little irregular, and there was certainly no tea ready in my back sitting-room, from which the prospective was of a varied character, including a timber yard.

"This way, sir," cried an ascending voice, which I recognised as Clara's.

I descended considerably, and entered the family room where I found my landlady, two young gentlemen, and Clara.

"It's a rule of mine," opened my landlady, "always to introduce strangers to the members of my household."

I bowed.

"This is Mr. Bloomer, and that is Mr. Purple, and here is my only daughter, Clara."

Having exchanged the courtesies of the day with Bloomer, Purple, and Clara, I settled down to an elaborate tea, in the course of which Mr. Bloomer simply swept the table of all the lettuce; and had I not been somewhat on the alert Mr. Purple would have assumed the entire responsibility of the muffins.

I could see that both my fellow-lodgers were gentlemen of aggressive

appetite, and I secretly hoped that my own entables would not be needlessly exposed by Mrs. Perker, my landlady.

Clara was evidently an object of interest to Mr. Bloomer.

"Both my young gentlemen have their little hobbies," said Mrs. Perker; "Fred (Mr. Bloomer) is fond of the drama, and Mr. Purple's taste runs in the way of clog-dancing, so that if you hear them practising you will know what's going on in the house."

"Yes, sir, Othello is my favourite part," remarked Mr. Bloomer; "but I have hitherto had some difficulty in finding a convenient Iago."

What Mr. Bloomer meant by a "convenient Iago" I could not imagine, but at this juncture I began to wonder how far my bedroom would be from the sleeping place of Othello and the clog-dancer, and when I learnt they were contiguous I was uneasy.

After the two nice gentlemen had withdrawn, I ventured to inquire of Mrs. Perker when Mr. Purple commenced his rehearsal.

"Oh (Mrs. Perker always opened her replies with "oh"), Purple's usual time is from nine till eleven, but Fred sometimes goes on till twelve!"

I reminded Mrs. Perker that Desdemona was a principal part in the tragedy, and asked whether Mr. Bloomer dispensed with the services of a lady.

"Oh, dear, no; Clara used to oblige him, but as he nearly choked her one night in the smothering scene she has refused ever since. Bless you, sir, Fred is serious when he's doing his favourite part."

At this stage of my experience I began to ponder the words of cabby—"this 'ere crib."

If Mr. Bloomer nearly choked Desdemona, it was to my mind rather uncertain what he might do to a convenient Iago, and I was glad that I had not offered my services.

At seven on Monday evening perfect quiet reigned in the home of Mrs. Perker, and I fondly wished that such would be the order of things during the night. My wish was vain. At nine precisely Mr. Purple arrived, accompanied by an amateur nigger, who carried a banjo approaching in size a reasonable round table.

Later on, Fred (Mr. Bloomer) returned with a convenient Iago, in the shape of a small, dark man, whose outward possessions were a drum and a cornopean.

I made up my mind for the worst, and retired at eleven. I could hear by the sound as of distant artillery that Mr. Purple had actually commenced the lighter part of his exercises. The moments flew past and he got into the heavier business, and as the young man with the banjo played a vigorous accompaniment, I felt that the opera had fairly opened.

Sleep was out of the question, so I dressed, filled my pipe, and resigned myself to the events of the night.

Mr. Bloomer's voice next broke on my ear in his delivery of Othello's "Apology to the Senate," but there was some measure of peace till the scene with Iago commenced. Whether Mr. Bloomer had actually seized his Iago by the throat or not he alone could determine. At any rate, the small, dark man rushed out of Mr. Bloomer's room, crying "murder," and as he saw a light in mine he entered it forcibly and in a state of fright.

At this exciting moment Mr. Purple's nigger friend was obliging with a solo, which must have been distinctly heard by any wide-awake neighbour.

"Is this a Free-and-Easy?" interrogated the vanquished Iago. "Do you think Mr. Bloomer is altogether right in his head?"

I could not satisfactorily answer either of these questions. The clock struck one! And then I heard the doors of both these nice gentlemen open.

Their friends were leaving. The banjo man repeated his solo in the passage, and Mr. Bloomer appeared in Venetian costume, with a severe scratch on his nose, which I put down to the credit of his convenient Iago, who shared my bed on that occasion.

In the evening of the following day I discovered a better resting place in the detached villa of a young widow, who is now all the world to me.

WHAT a pity it is that grammar is so much neglected! Some of the letters in the *Courier* this week about Knox-Little might have been written by heathens who knew next to nothing of the English language. Of course, no one expected Mr. Knott to write grammatically. But the Rev. A. Haworth, Rector of St. Catharine's, Cheetham, must surely have dipped into Lindley Murray at some time of his life. Yet we find him penning a sentence like this: "But neither of the services have any connection with the Congress in any way." It is a solid consolation to know that we can boast of an educated clergy!

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VOX POPULI VOX DEI.

[BY A GENTLEMAN OF FASHION.]

THOUGH tradesmen's goods are meant to sell their buyers,
 Though meanest jealousies may burn like fires,
 Though men be tabooed by pretentious peers,
 The people rally round their greatest seers.
 No higher honour can to man be paid,
 No holier offering on his altar laid
 Than when his fellows lovingly consent
 To don bad hats to which his name is lent,
 Or when the fairest maids, from pole to pole,
 Would rather starve upon a pauper's dole
 Than on their tapering fingers place a glove
 Which was not hallowed by his name and love:—
 The verdict of the people's clothes and wares
 To voice of Heav'n a close resemblance bears!

THE SPIRITS TO THE RESCUE.

WITH the serious and solemn consideration of the case of the Penge convicts we have nothing whatever to do, that, so far as the Press is concerned, being quite safe in the hands of the ponderous papers. But it may not be out of our line to point out that the spirits, at least, are on the side of the four convicts. We make this statement on the authority of Dr. Monck, the celebrated medium—the same who recently did three months in Huddersfield Gaol for alleged frauds at a *séance*. Dr. Monck goes against capital punishment altogether; and he is led to do this from his knowledge of the next world. "The death punishment," he says, "is a barbarous relic of the dark ages, and ought to be abolished. People ask, Why don't your spirits expose murderers? I answer, they often do so, as I can prove, under the seal of secrecy, but will never do so publicly, while they know that they would make bad worse by thus affording men opportunities of committing fresh murders in the sacred names of law and justice. It is no part of their mission to enlarge the rapacious appetite for revenge and slaughter. As of old, they teach and sing Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men. Their object is to elevate, and not brutalise mankind—to refine men into angels, and not transform them into devils. They are not detectives, not sleuth-hounds haying on the track of human blood, and hounding on the fallen to the horrible judicial shambles of modern law. They aim at our spiritual progress, and not at our moral retrogression and degradation. We, as Spiritualists, know that the criminal is not got rid of by hanging him, and that, so far from diminishing his powers of mischief, he afterwards becomes tenfold more dangerous. When in the body his spirit was at least confined, and so long as the body could be kept in safe custody the spirit could not do much evil. Now, however, the spirit is free to roam about at will, and to associate with other evil ones, and revenge on society the wrongs which society did to him, by instigating others in the flesh to deeds of equal atrocity. In short, the death punishment is inhuman, unjust, unphilosophical, and inexpedient. I call, therefore, on all good Spiritualists to disseminate these principles, to lift up their voice like a trumpet against the shedding of blood, until the death penalty shall be erased from the statute book and relegated to the limbo of obsolete and effete laws." This may be true; certainly it is far from pleasant. We would appear to have been committing huge mistakes in strangling our murderers. But it is not for us to discuss deep questions of this sort. What we have to do with is this movement amongst the Spiritualists on behalf of the Stauntons. "I have been led," Dr. Monck continues, "to make this earnest appeal mainly from the fact that last night, in the presence of three well-known Spiritualists, a distressed spirit came to our *séance*, and, giving astounding proofs of her identity as Harriet Staunton, solemnly declared that if the condemned prisoners are hung they will be wrongfully executed, for they were not her intentional murderers, but her death was occasioned by disease alone. The spirit, with agonising entreaties, urged us to take the step I am now taking, and scatter petitions broadcast among Spiritualists and others, for the purpose of saving from a cruel death those who, however guilty in other respects, yet are not red-handed assassins." If we are not mistaken, Dr. Monck, or some other Spiritualist, let off a good deal of steam in this way in Wainwright's case. But Mr. Cross makes a stern, not to say a savage, Home Secretary. We have not yet heard of him crying over a single petition for a reprieve, the same as tender-hearted Walpole was in the practice of doing. Mr. Cross may not pay much attention, either, to this voice from the next world in favour of the Stauntons; but at all events we have done our duty in giving Dr. Monck's communication all the publicity within our power.

A HAPPY FAMILY.

THE inhabitants of Swinton and Pendlebury are to be envied in that they possess a Local Board of Health, the members of which are constantly at their monthly meetings furnishing the reporters—and through them the public—with spicy "scenes." As a general rule, there is nothing very exciting about the proceedings of these local authorities. Elected for the useful purpose of looking after the sanitary condition of their townships, and keeping a sharp look-out on drains, the condition of the roads, the lighting of the streets, and so forth, the majority of Local Boards appear to jog along pretty quietly and comfortably, their blood being, perhaps, sometimes a little warmed by a close division respecting the proper position for an additional lamp, or an animated discussion concerning the treatment of sewage. In Swinton, however, things are very different. The Local Board there will, we apprehend, be admitted to be a peculiarity amongst Local Boards, and has earned for itself a reputation for liveliness which is not, so far as we are aware, enjoyed or wished for by any of its brethren. What the reason is we cannot say, but it is most assuredly a fact that, no matter who may compose the Board, the members are nearly always sparring with each other, and, occasionally, matters go further than that, and there is hard and not over-polite hitting. The personnel of the Board often changes, but things remain as bad as ever. Mr. Jones enters the Board to all appearance the most inoffensive of men, but, wonderful to relate, a short term of membership develops in him pugnacious propensities, of which one would not have dreamed, and before long he is upon the war-path. We can call to mind in our somewhat brief experience of the Board many stirring scenes in the boardroom, and we are tempted to believe that there must be in the air of that room and of the district generally something which engenders in those who breathe it a skittishness which sometimes is not kept quite within bounds. Only on Monday last the Board were "carrying on the same old game" in a very vigorous manner. We don't think it advisable to go into details, but our readers will quite understand the nature of the scene when we state that one gentleman had been, it was stated, "abused beyond measure;" that another had been "grossly insulted;" that what one member stated as facts another characterised as "abominable lies;" and that one gentleman was informed that he was the "laughing-stock of the district." It will be gathered from this that the proceedings were tolerably lively, and that order and politeness were for the time being sent about their business. Of course this will furnish the ratepayers with some interesting reading, but what a pity it is that a dozen gentlemen cannot meet together for the transaction of public business without giving themselves up to angry personal feelings and bitter sayings, to the undoubted detriment of the district's weal. Remembering the past, we cannot say what hope there is for the good people of Swinton, but we fancy it will be well for them to resign themselves to the fate of having a brawling Local Board, and to cultivate a disposition to make merry over the little idiosyncracies of their representatives.

THE THEATRES.

AT the Prince's, on Saturday and Monday last, Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons* was given, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the two principal characters. The play is one which makes as large demands on the powers of the actors as upon the sense of the spectators. The plot is so unreal, and the words put into the mouths of "Claude" and "Pauline" are so extravagant, that only actors of the highest class can preserve the drama from the regions of downright farce. Still, and the result is no common tribute to the acting, the piece was a success, and no common one. More than once there was not a woman in the house with dry eyes, nor a man who was not glad to cough down his unwilling emotion; and at the conclusion of at least two acts cheers, such as one does not commonly hear in a theatre, rang through the house. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday *A Scrap of Paper* was repeated, and to-night, the last but one of their engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal take their benefit with the *Queen's Shilling* and *Uncle's Will*.—At the Royal, *Henry VIII.* has reached its last nights, and will be continued only for another fortnight.—Opera at the Queen's is succeeded by the popular drama *Never too Late to Mend*, founded on Charles Reade's novel of that name.

W. ARONSBERG, Optician to the Royal Eye Hospital, 12, Victoria Street, Manchester.

ECCLES LOCAL BOARD AND ECCLES CAKES.

LOCAL Boards of Health are without doubt very useful institutions, but it cannot be denied that their conduct is oftentimes marked by peculiarities, and that their members and officials have occasionally rather strange ideas. We were, however, of opinion that each Board confined its bickerings and ill-humours to itself, and that they treated each other with the respect and courtesy which is usually observed by one public body towards another. But this opinion has been somewhat shaken. Not far from Manchester is a locality famous for the excellence of its cakes. The Local Board which exercises supervision over its drains and sewers, and ash-pits, held its monthly meeting a few days since, and a little incident which occurred during the proceedings is perhaps worth noticing. As we understand the matter, the clerk of a neighbouring authority applied to the clerk of this particular board for information respecting the arrangements for lighting the district. In return it was intimated that if the principal lamplighter of the one district would wait upon the individual holding the like position in the other district the information sought would be imparted. Clerk No. 1 replies that such a method of procedure is not convenient, and in so many words again asks that Clerk No. 2 will oblige him with the information. It would appear to outsiders that the supplying of the particulars desired would not have involved any great amount of labour, and would have been a kindly and neighbourly thing to do; but the official to whom application was made looks at the matter in a different light. He holds that what is not worth fetching is not worth having, and he accordingly sends no information. There may be, and probably is, some truth in the saying in accordance with which our friend shapes his course, and, if we remember rightly, there is an old saying that it is a lazy dog that will not fetch its own food; but surely a civil and polite inquiry should be met in an equally courteous manner. However, the members of the Local Board saw nothing amiss in the matter, or, at any rate, said nothing about it, and we may take it that everything has been done according to Local Board etiquette, from which we trust public life generally may be preserved. Eccles Board should not fail to remember that no ordinary issues are entrusted to them. The world might manage to get on without Eccles Local Board; but everybody knows that the world could not long survive a failure in the supply of Eccles cakes. Through its cakes the place has become renowned; it would be a pity, then, to see its fair name injured at this time of day by any folly on the part of its Local Board. For the sake of Eccles cakes, the Eccles Local Board should behave itself as well as it can.

A LESSON IN MANNERS.

WE have much pleasure in stating that a well-known Manufacturer got a severe lesson in manners the other day at the Half-Moon. The man in question bears a name that has been before the people of England in connection with a great Manchester tragedy. It seems that he is in the habit of using language to young ladies in bar-parlours that would bear repetition in our columns, and the other day he was following this habit in the Half-Moon, when one of the young ladies suddenly and most properly gave him such a crack on the head with a walking-stick that he has not yet recovered from its effects. The *Jackdaw*, as guardian of public morals, will perhaps have more to say on this subject when the culprit's head is better.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

DR. JOHN WATTS, himself as enthusiastic and as indefatigable as ever in the cause of the education of the people, was at considerable pains to combat, at the meeting of the Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, the assertion of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., at Rochdale, that education speeches are now dull and heavy reading, that in fact, as other eminent men have recently said, the time for making education speeches is past. Dr. Watts made out a very good case for the necessity of further agitation in the matter, and a present and future lively interest in the cause; but these very meetings were a proof that the majority of the people share Mr. Bright's opinion. At the time fixed for the commencement of the afternoon business meeting there were exactly eight persons present as an audience, and the attendance never exceeded thirty. That the meeting was both dull and heavy was proved by the fact

that whilst Mr. Traice was reading his excellent but lengthy report of the year's transaction and progress, three of the five gentlemen on the platform went off into a sound sleep.

SALFORD has several strange Bobbies, but we fancy that the strangest of the whole lot is P.C. Wiston. Before Sir John Iles Mantell on Monday, Wiston charged Wm. Doherty, a bricklayer, with having brutally assaulted him in Hankinson Street on Sunday morning, alleging that he knocked him down, kicked him, broke one of his teeth, and loosened two others. Mr. Stocks, surgeon, was instructed to examine poor Wiston's wounds. He did so, and thereupon said that the tooth alleged to have been lost had not been broken within the last few months. Nor had it been lost as a result of violence, but from decay. His gums did not exhibit any marks of violence. Sir John dismissed the case, meekly remarking that the officer had desired to prove too much. No doubt the Watch Committee will keep their weather eye on Wiston.

THERE can be no doubt about it—you may smoke yourself to death. Only the other week an old army pensioner killed himself in this way in Manchester; and now we read of a lad having given himself the happy despatch after the same fashion. For some time past he had been in the habit of smoking tobacco to such an extent as to make him delirious. He complained to his mother of feeling unwell one day lately. On being questioned, he said he had been smoking all morning, and he then felt what is described as a tremendous pain in his chest. He was put to bed, and on the following morning was found dead. The medical testimony showed that death resulted from nicotine. Should not the tobaccoist who provided him with the poison be prosecuted for manslaughter?

MR. W. H. HOULDSWORTH, the new Conservative candidate for Manchester, is a funny man. In opening the Conservative Club Bazaar at Longsight, on Wednesday, he said that if the bazaar had been for a religious work he would have had some scruples in attending it, for he must say he was not very fond of bazaars for religious purposes. But, though not a religious work, theirs was certainly a good work. We can't see it, Mr. Houldsworth. If bazaars are good and desirable things in themselves, why should they never take place in the name and the interests of religion? Come tell us, pray. If you are to represent us in Parliament, you must at least be logical and consistent. If it is right to hold a bazaar on behalf of Conservatism, surely it cannot be wrong to hold one on behalf of the Church? We know that Mr. Houldsworth is a Scotchman, yet he must not have too many scruples and fads of this kind. We wait his explanation.

WRITERS in the *Women's Suffrage Journal* are never weary hunting for proofs that a woman is as good as a man, if not also a great deal better. Commenting on the game of lawn tennis, a writer in the *Daily News* said that here, as usual, man has unfair advantages. He has been used to games all his life, but feminine quickness soon makes up for way, though the feminine wrist is not always found equal to hitting back-handed strokes. "Happy omen"—exclaims a fair writer in this month's *Journal*—"drawn from lawn tennis strife. Straight and honest strokes she can give to win; back-handed ones she leaves to the unfair sex." We don't like to quarrel with the ladies; but surely small far-fetched criticism of this kind can have no weight. It may be quite true that where woman has fair play she is a match for man. A good many men would go the length of admitting that woman is often more than a match for man. What more does the *Journal* want?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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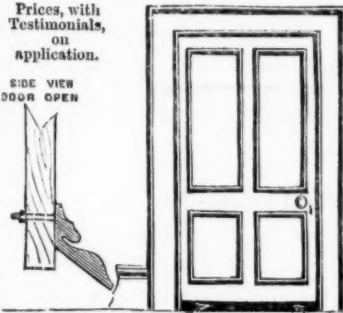
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